

1339
T H E

K Misrepresented.

MISREPRESENTOR
REPRESENTED.

A

C O M E D Y,

Not performed in this *Kingdom*
since the Year, 1715.

DEDICATED to *Ed----* *Sex---* *P---y*,
the Potatoe Ambassador.

*What States-man could his Pow'r support,
Were lying Tongues forbid the Court?
Did Princely Ears to Truth attend,
What Minister could gain his End?
How could he raise his Tools to Place,
And how his honest Foes disgrace?*

GAY.

D U B L I N:

Printed by the Executors of the late *G--- F---r*, 1755.

T H E

MISREPRESENTOR

REPRESENTED.

A

COMEDY,



Not performed in this Kingdom
since the year 1715.

DEDICATED to His Most Excellent
the Potatoes Ambassador.

What States-man could his Potatoes support?
If we bring Potatoes for the Court?
Did Potatoes have to drink wine?
What Minister could gain our End?
How could he raise his Tools to Place,
And bear his honest Taxes with ease?

GAY.

D U B L I N :

Printed by the Executors of the late G. & T. 1732.



THE DEDICATION

TO
Ed---Sex---P---y,

THE
POTATOE Ambassador.

May it please your Excellency,

I AM doubtful which would be most agreeable to you, to enlarge on, or be silent about, your extraordinary Qualifications, and very singular Achievements in the great Posts you have sustained. One would I am sure please yourself, tho' it might disgust your Friends, and the other would offend your Enemies tho' it should please your Friends; but to say something is incumbent on me, since I have obtained your *Permission* to Ornament this Piece, by putting your Name in the Title-page.

Be pleased then, I should recount the Steps by
A 2 which

iv. The *DEICATION*, &c.

which you have *Risen* to an unenvy'd Degree of Preferment, for your Virtues have almost silenced Envy, and made you so conspicuous in the Lists of FAME. The Sense you had early imbib'd of your Abilities to serve your Country, prompted you at vast Expence to get a Place in the *H—e* of *C——ns*; to compass which good Design, you thought it no way amiss to practise Bribery and Subornation, as a Good *End*, (say some Divines) constitutes a good Action, and justifies the Means. You were *cast* it's true, on your first Attempt, but *crescit sub Pondere Virtus*. You became more formidable for being defeated, and spar'd no Pains to recover from your *Fall*, and have an Opportunity of exerting your Powers in Politicks, as a Legislator; you were quickly taken Notice of by the *choice Master-Spirits of the Age*, and singled out by them as an Adversary for the reputed TULLY of the Times: I say reputed; for alas! what is his Merit when put into the Scales with yours? It was observed after you had appeared, he seldom exerted himself, as doubtless dreading the Encounter. You soon became unrival'd both by Friends and Foes as a Speecher: and having acquired Glory enough in that Capacity, you became an Emissary round the Country, to *Spy* out the best Methods of *Serving* it, one of which I must not omit, as it was much of a Piece with the *En—g—r's* Proceeding, viz. throwing down the Fortifications of *L——k*, to erect a Street for his *M——y's* Catholick Subjects to dwell securely in, under the Cannon prepared to defend them.

YOUR decrying the Patriots in every Village you pass'd through, is not worth mentioning, as it was often attended with an Inconvenience to your Person, and had like once to draw on you the Resentment of a Gentleman, who did not understand *Chicanery*, and which, but for your cool and prudent Conduct, might have ended fatally.

BUT

The *DEDICATION*, &c. v.

BUT the great Scene of your Action is *behind*, when you went *Plenipo* to a CONGRESS, where you could not be admitted, from a *Person* who had no Right to commission you ; to transact what you did not know, with a Power you could never find out, as you always forgot the Name of the Street where he liv'd.

THIS I suppose may better account for your Want of Success, than the silly Conjectures of the Mob, who assert it was Want of Abilities or Favour with the Great, that rendered your Attempts abortive.

PROCEED, Sir, as you have *so well begun*, to out-do your usual out-doings.

Et sine Rivali, teque et tua totus amato.

The AUTHOR.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

ANTH. PLEADWELL.

Sir RICHARD DASH-COURT.

Counsellor BRAZEN.

Captain DERUMPLE.

Sir CLEVERLY BUSKIN.

BENJAMIN TREATALL.

The Reverend Doctor LICK-SPITTLE.

Sir GEORGE TIMBERTOE.

W O M E N.

Lady PRATEAPACE.

Miss LUREWELL.

Lady TAFFY.

Mrs. JUDAS.

SCENE *Lanredi.*

THE



THE
MISREPRESENTOR
REPRESENTED, &c.

A C T I.
S C E N E, Sir CLEVERLY's House.

Enter Sir Cleverly, Buskin, and Ben. Treatall.

Sir CLEVERLY.

WELL, Benjamin, did you read the Paper of this Day?

Ben. I have; and plainly find the *Wind's* upon the *Change*.

Sir Cl. What then, Sir, can any *Change* authorize such Insolence, bespattering the noblest and most amiable Characters? Sir, I am *one* particularly struck at in that Sink of Slander, that abominable Tube of Scandal. (a)

Ben. Damn the Rascal; his uniform Vanity and Stupidity,

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Stupidity, make him believe no Set of petty Tyrants can be the Theme of Satire, without his Scurvy Cox-comicalship brings up the Rear. [*Aside.*] The Paper you complain of, Sir *Cleverly*, I own is somewhat *indigestible* to your Friends; and tho' they say it's the Tube of Scandal, who believes them?—Here's the Dev'l on't, Sir *Cleverly*. Your Enemies furnish the Publick with Arguments against you, in this, as well as in every other, Point.—They say, “Gentlemen, what have you to apprehend, if the Slander you would obviate be false, of what Use is your Greatness, and how precarious will it prove, if in the least endanger'd by a false Accusation? If it be true, is the Fountain of Intelligence to be shut up, because your peculiar Danger is, that it may now and then send forth an affecting Charge against you?” (*b*)

Sir Cl. That is a specious Argument I must own; but it carries Fallacy in the very Front of it. Doesn't every one know that I am a great Man, and a good Man? Nay a Man of Honour and Humanity; of a happy Temper, sweeten'd by Consistency, Moderation, and every captivating Art of good Breeding? Yet, Damn me, Sir, were the Dev'l himself to believe me, he'd get the Publick to believe him, at least the Mob Part of it.

Ben. You are right, Sir *Cleverly*; and you might include the better Sort too, this Circumstance renders it a shocking Practice to be putting Gentlemen in Books.

Sir Cl. Damn me, Sir, if any Man would put me in a Book,——you know I have Courage,——but the Court thought it proper to tie up my Hands, by placing me above Resentment: therefore I must bear Insults to preserve my Dignity, with the Air and Mien of a Philosopher.

Ben.

(*b*) Vide Essay on the Liberty of the Press.

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Ben. Most consummate Coxcomb, 'tis the Hands of the Publick he means that are ty'd up; for if the *Breath of Power* had not indulg'd his Petition, by making his Person Sacred, his scandalous Behaviour would procure him many a sound *Kicking*. (*aside.*) Indeed, Sir *Cleverly*, you have been very pacific, I must own; and it's remarkable that all fiery Tempers are easily cool'd.——You must have lamented, Sir *Cleverly*, that you had not good Writers on your Side; the few Hirelings you had, were of a *vegetative Kind*, they crept into Existence in the Morning, and disappear'd at Night. May our Enemies never have better Soldiers, than you had Authors; they were always beat on the first Onset, and could never be brought to rally, but to make a Shew of Resistance; they now and then brandished their Swords in some distant *Morass*, when they were sure the Enemy could not pursue them.

Sir Cl. Let me see, Sir, methinks your Observation's wrong. We have one Man among Us, a most indefatigable Writer; he wants neither Abilities, or Inclination to serve us.

Ben. Why is he silent then, Sir *Cleverly*?

Sir Cl. Zounds, Sir, would you have a Gentleman write, when no one will read his Productions? Sir, he is an Honour to the Age, and the Glory of human Nature. He would be an excellent *Co-adjutor* to *St. Paul*, had he liv'd in the Apostles Days. You saw what a strenuous Advocate he prov'd, while any one read his Works. I'll tell you, *Benjamin*, the Way to make that good Man useful, would be to bestow his Books to the Populace, and pay him for writing them; it would be an effectual Method to bribe their Plaudites.

Ben. Your Friends, Sir *Cleverly*, have done too
B many

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many *low Things* already towards obtaining their Approbation; and tho' you have, by the Means of that celebrated Co-adjutor, industriously *pelted Scandal* under the Show of *Candid* and *Impartial* INQUIRIES, yet it never stuck where you'd have it. Sir, he has done you more Prejudice than you are well aware of.

Sir Cl. By the Blood then, if his Writings do not gain us the Approbation of the People, I'm afraid nothing will. How do you account for this Defect in the Intellects of the People?

Ben. The Defect is in yourselves, Sir *Cleverly*. For while ever the People have Reason to believe that your Enemies,—*a Word of vast Latitude, (aside.)* are Men of uncorrupted Hearts and sound Abilities, who have always appeared foremost in the Service of the Publick, not all the envious Endeavours of venal Scriblers can deprive them of that Portion of Popularity, which awaits publick Virtue.

Sir Cl. Is this popular Cry against us never to be remov'd? By the Lord, Sir, I'm pointed at and insulted as I'm going along. *See the Legs! see the Face! see the Nose!* they cry. Zounds, Sir, this is intolerable.

Ben. The Remedy is in your own Hands, Sir *Cleverly*. When your Party convince the People, that ye promote publick, rather than your own private, Emolument, *Slander* and *Reproach* (as your Enemies justly observe,) will dwindle into impotent Invective.

Sir Cl. Zounds, Sir, I understand you now. That is—when we resign our Places and Pensions, sooner than obey a *Ruler* that disobliges the People by planning their Destruction, then we're intitl'd to Popularity. Most damnable Doctrine indeed! ha, ha, ha.

Ben.

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Ben. Absurd as it may appear to you, Sir *Cleverly*, it is a Doctrine founded upon Reason and Experience. Shall the Enemies to the Publick, the Destroyers of Liberty and Constitutional Power, be admired by the People?

Sir Cl. Damn this *Cant*; I believe some vile Spirit on the *other Side* has bewitch'd the Man since I saw him last at my Lord's. (*aside.*) What think ye of this Change, *Benjamin*?

Ben. To deal ingenuously with you, Sir *Cleverly*, I believe some *invisible Hand* has given a very unexpected Blow. Pride and Avarice have got a *long-wish'd-for Fall*. What could be more impolitick than to commit the *Reins* to a *Man*, who had nothing to support his Authority but the Negatives that belong to the Character of a good and wise Statesman? have we not seen him in the Space of one Day *proud and mean, insolent and dejected*? Has he not at all Times been found destitute of Truth, Sincerity, Friendship, Shame, Gratitude, and every publick and private Virtue?

Sir Cl. You astonish me, Sir, these Expressions are Signs of *Tergiversation*. Shall a House *stand*, when *divided* against itself?

Ben. I am sorry, Sir, I *divided* as I did; and now, tho' late, see the Disengenuity of my *Leaders*. The Calamities my Country has suffer'd, by *Sack-villian* Schemes, were quite inconsiderable to those intended to be carry'd, if an abandon'd Majority could be found. But the Vigilance of the illustrious *Rogerites*, headed as they were by the *best of Men*, protected even their Foes from their worst Enemies, themselves, and rescu'd from *premeditated Destruction* a guiltless Land.

Sir Cl. Zounds, Sir, w're ruin'd if it's once

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bruited abroad that you have deserted us. Consider, Sir, your *Ties, Connexions, Promisses, &c.*

Ben. No *Ties* can manacle a Soul awaken'd by the Voice of Liberty and Virtue.—My *Connexions*, tho' for some Time formidable to the Liberties of the People and the inherent Privileges of the *Representative*, bear the old Mark of *Ignominy*. Too long have I prop'd that dangerous *Foe*, in whom the *Soul* of *Charters* is doing Transmigration Penance.

Sir Cl. Ay but, dear Sir, we have not Time now for these Inquiries; consider the Difference between *Meum* and *Tuum*. There are large Promises made you, consider that, Sir.

Ben. Promises made by a *Caitiff*, are like Sailors Vows to their Saints in a Storm; Danger and Inability are ever ready to promise, what Security and Power would as quickly disavow.—Their Promises, Sir *Cleverly*, to some who unhappily went their Lengths, are the clearest *Test* of the Infidelity of the Party.—To sum up the Evils I lent my Hand to, fills me with conscious Horror! the *Elevation* of a few, whom *Elevation* itself could not render *respectable*, was the apparent Scheme of those bungling Politicians, whose *Leader*, by not being a skilful *Cataline*, should never expect to prove a prosperous *Sejanus*. The Enemies to the Publick were to be raised, at the Expence of the Peace, Happiness and Tranquility of the Nation. We were to be for ever devoted Slaves to every corrupt, ambitious Minister, and subject to the petty Tyranny of his delegated Tools. Our Staple Trade insidiously attack'd, publick Fraud supported against the Publick, ministerial Deductions created under the poor Sanction of *FERS*, the Assertors of Justice misrepresented and displac'd, and the Wealth of the People to be at the

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the discretionary Power of an avaricious *Ruler*, and his *needy* and *dissolute Followers*. Every private Independency destroy'd, and our Senate-house turned into an *Exchange* Coffee-house for State-Jobbers, and the *Tools* of the *Tools* of inordinate Power.—These, with many more unconstitutional Encroachments, rais'd universal Discord and Distress thro' the Land; yet e'er it was too late, rous'd a glorious Spirit of Liberty, impotently defam'd, while ample Rewards awaited the Advocates for Falshood and Slavery.

Sir Cl. I must own, Sir, our Measures were not the most colourable; but then those within the *Circle* of the *Projectors* were to be rewarded by an Encrease in their private Properties, superior to their Loss in the general Calamity.

Ben. Your Measures, Sir *Cleverly*, were indeed *discolour'd*, and I glory in discovering at last their Completion. Some Stupefaction has been fatally shed over the Understandings of your Party. Is a Place or Pension for Life, equivalent to a permanent landed Interest? and would you destroy the latter, for the *transitory Enjoyment* of the *former*, to consider the Probability of your Children being precluded from the *Circle*? every new petty Tyrant must pull down some, to raise others: Changes and Vicissitudes in human Things are eternally to be expected, and Gratitude in a *Bashaw* never to be hop'd for. You should consider, Sir *Cleverly*, that the Representatives of the People are Guardians to Posterity; and shall we, for a temporary Gleam of Interest, betray those, whose Rights and Privileges we were singl'd out of the Community to protect?

Sir. Cl. Damn Liberty and Community! what have we to do with them? shall we lose our Power in the Senate to humour or save the People?
we

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we the Few are the Lords of the Earth, and our Constituent-Slaves shall bear the Burden. My Principle, Sir, is this; I hate the Publick in all Countries, but the Reptiles of this Island in particular. Zounds, Sir, if you'd hear my Lady describe them, Gad, Sir, she and I agree in nothing but our joint Hatred to the People of LANREDI. I have glory'd in every Opportunity of shewing an Inclination to distress them.

Ben. If any Thing could apologize for the Malevolence of your Principles, it would be the universal Hatred all Ranks and Degrees of Men in LANREDI bear you: the Cause of this universal Odium, your own Conduct can best account for: as for her Ladyship, her Hatred to the *Lanredians* is natural: we never like People who see into us too much.

Sir Cl. Perdition catch me, Sir, but I would rather be dreaded by a Thousand, than belov'd by Millions.

Ben. Such an Epitome of universal *Misanthropy* never before disgrac'd a human Being. *(Aside.)*
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Sir Richard Dash-Court's House.*

Enter Sir Richard and Pleadwell.

Plead. My good Friend, *Dash-Court*, just arrived from thy rural Seat, where no foul Ambition rankles thy gen'rous Mind; Let me kiss thy Hand, unfully'd by thy Country's Spoil.

Sir Rich. That *Hand*, still ready to catch the gilded Bribe, that makes *Lanredi* bleed, should be cut off to prevent the mortifying Contagion from spreading to the Destruction of the whole. And that Tongue, which in a Moment would blast the Felicity

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city of Millions, should be depriv'd of all it's baneful Powers, and eradicated from it's native Seat.

Plead. Our first grand Object of Danger is remov'd, we have a new Scene to enter upon; and let us tread the Theatre of Liberty with a Roman Spirit.

Sir Rich. Say, whence those Powers that make a Statesman formidable?

Plead. Venality and Irresolution in the Representative.—The Man whose Breast is fir'd with Patriotism, contemns the Misuse of delegated Power, unlawfully extended o'er the Rights of Mankind. The Pow'r of checking insolent Ambition, and Tyrant-Encroachments on our Freedom, is still vested in our Hands.

*If then we're to be undone,
We must be our own Undoers.*

Sir Rich. What think you, *Pleadwell*, of our new Ruler?

Plead. To praise injudiciously, is as bad as to exclaim without a Cause; but to speak in general, he has hitherto been esteem'd for the most amiable Qualities. He is sprung from an illustrious Line, wise in Council, and valiant in the Field. His fam'd Forefathers in EIGHTY EIGHT, distinguish'd for sound *Revolution Principles*, rescu'd their Country from Slavery and Despondency: and by the same undeviating Principles, their Descendants have happily preserved the Esteem of their Prince, and the Admiration of the People: should he then *err* from that *golden Path*, and join a Band implicitly led by the slavish Doctrine of a nefarious *Church-man*, and the insidious Schemes of an ambitious Junto; his Fall will be greater than his Predecessor's, (who had no Reputation to lose,) and the Opposition will be more vigorous.

Sir Rich. Think you then he has undertaken an arduous Task?

Plead.

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Plead. No: nor can I imagine his Lot unlucky. He comes over to rule with all the *Materials* of Ease and Happiness to himself, and a Loyal People. Ev'n Fortune's self presents him with the fairest Opportunity of acquiring *indelible Honour*.—Has not our Country been wretchedly divided, by domestick Broils? Have not the needy and dissolute been enlisted under the Banner of Corruption? Has not publick Confidence been dissolv'd, and publick Credit destroy'd? Was not the *Father* enrag'd against the *Son*, and the *Son* divided from the *Father*? Have not the nearest Relations disagreed, while one Party was pushing on the Ruin of the Country, and the other lending a Hand to save her? Is it not an unhappy Combination of Circumstances, either to disoblige those whom Nature and Choice would induce us to live with in strictest Amity; or join them to the total Destruction of our Country? and were not all these unnatural Schemes and Divisions, the *Anti-revolution Plan* of FOUR MEN, who would sacrifice the most Loyal Nation under Heav'n, to their Ambition and Arbitrary Will of their Directors? Have not the *try'd Friends* to Majesty and their Country, been defamed, insulted and displac'd, to make Room for those whose devouring Gulph of Avarice knew no Bounds? Should a Youth then of aspiring Virtues come over to heal those national Wounds, unite contending Parties, *restore* the LOYAL, the GENEROUS and the FREE, *justify* the Honour of the *Representative*, check the proud Heads of Faction, and re-establish national Credit and publick Tranquility, by suppressing Envy and Competition; what a Glow of Affection and Gratitude would burn in the Hearts of the People towards such a righteous Ruler? The Demonstration of his Goodness would excite the most unspeakable Fervor in the Minds of Millions; and the Glory of his Administration, not only tend to his own Happiness, but to the Honour
of

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of his latest Posterity. Such an *Æra* of Ministerial Glory would shine with distinguish'd Lustre on the Records of *Lanredi*.

Sir Rich. A Ruler who has no Purposes in View, but the Honour of his Prince, and the Good of his People, must at all Times, particularly at this *Juncture*, act the Part you prescribe. His own native Goodness and Penetration, no doubt, will naturally direct him to such honourable and equitable Measures. We don't hold our Fate from the Temperament of a Ruler; we hold it in the Virtue of our Voice, and Intrepidity of Resolution. A just and wise Ruler will therefore easily judge upon what Conditions, he is to acquire the Respect of the Representative, and the Affection of the People. A righteous *Ruler* will be ever happy in his Administration in *Lanredi*, and a *fallacious Dissembler*, treated with the Indignity an *Undertaker of Jobbs* deserves: The former will have his Prince's Business conducted with Unanimity and Dispatch, and the latter, whose leading Principle is to make *fatal Distinctions between the Welfare of Prince, and People*, the better to effect his own, and the Business of those within the *Circle*, will be oblig'd to throw himself upon the Support of a Band of disaffected Destroyers of the Publick, dictating, with wanton Tyranny, Measures to the State, altering the Channel of Affairs, and Monopolizing the Smiles of Power; while he, who should be the *true Representative* of the *tendereſt Father of his People*, disgraces the Commission he bears, by being rather an Under-agent, or *Uſber* to Iniquity, than sitting at the Head of Affairs, with Justice in one Hand, and Fortitude in the other.

Plead. We have ever been grateful to a good Ruler, and are too emulous of British Glory to cringe to a bad one. The Importance we have acquired, by our late memorable Stand, has prov'd mortifying to those who must have deem'd us Knaves or Fools,

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when they intended to make us Instruments of our own Destruction. We must not be too secure; let not implicit Security beget inglorious Inactivity: the Interests of our Country are still at Stake, and will ever be in Danger, till those who wickedly abus'd their ill-bestowed Power, are *bumbled* to a *private Station*.

Sir Rich. Tho' an old Dog can't learn new Tricks, it is not likely he'll forget those he has already learn'd, and got many a Bone by. Ignominious Preferment in the Decline of Life, you'll allow, *Pleadwell*, to be the Dishonour of old Age: while Power then is vested in such Hands, national Interest must be precarious.

Plead. The Prophecy of STRAFFORD, LAUD, WOOLSEY and WALLOP, being one Day like *Niobe*, to be turn'd into STONE, portended ill to distressed LANREDI.

Sir Rich. When a Man of obscure Birth, evil Genius and mean Abilities, a Man, I say, of the worst Character and most detestable Principles, is plac'd at the Head of the People, he will exclude, as far, and as long, as he is able, Men of sound Principles and publick Virtue, from the Favour of their Prince, and the Service of the Publick. But the *Film* will soon be taken off the *Royal Eye*, and the Face of Truth shine in his Presence: then will he preclude from his Princely Favour, every *Minister of Discord and Corruption*, and with open Arms embrace the distinguish'd Friends to his *illustrious House*, for a long Series of past Years. *Lanredi* shall then uninterruptedly enjoy those Constitutional Blessings, which cost her Sons so much Blood and Treasure to rescue from *Tyrant-Hands*.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

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SCENE, Counsellor Brazen's House.

Enter Coun. Brazen, and Captain Derumple.

Braz. Good-morrow, Captain, you're come from the Fountain of Intelligence: what News?

Capt. Strange Revolutions beyond the Water: Revolutions that fill me with Confusion and Despondency.

Braz. I shall now pump some Thing of his *Keeper's* Mind from this combustible Blockhead; for he knows more of my Lord than all the rest of the World. (*Aside.*) What says my Lord of this Change, Captain?

Capt. Gad, Sir, he wears the best Side out, as we Soldiers do. I have often whistl'd in my own Country upon an empty Stomach. But I'll tell you, Sir, he is by Turns merry and disconsolate. He has, it's true, done for some Friends, but could not do for them all. I'm afraid he has been too liberal of his Promises, and now his disappointed Expectants are cursing him, writing to him, forsaking him, and the Lord knows what. His Colleague, in our Street, has deceiv'd him prodigiously: Gad, Sir, he's an incomprehensible Fellow. About a Month ago, no two greater, and now, by some Appearances, he intends to juggle my Lord. Our Friends beyond the Water are losing Ground, and as far as I can see, every Tub must stand on it's own Bottom. Those curs'd *Lan-redians*, Sir, damn them, since my Lord could not tame them, I have no Hopes of their Reformation.

Braz. What is my Lord apprehensive of, Captain?

Capt. Of the Dev'l and all, Sir: Gad he doesn't sleep half an Hour the *whole-live-long-Night*; he starts often, and has very ugly Dreams: were you to lie with him, Sir, he'd frighten you.

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Braz. Do you lie with him, Captain, that you know his nocturnal Inquietudes so well?

Cap. No, no, Sir, Gad forbid, I didn't think you'd joke so neither, Counsellor. You know when my Wife's not with me, I lie in the next Room to him, and have heard many a heavy Groan come from him: besides, Sir, I have observ'd him of late to take a Dram of a Morning. A very bad Sign, Sir: I remember he was in this Condition about the latter End of December Twelve-month; but was soon rous'd out of it by the *Colonel* and his Friends. He is very often writing, Sir: I intruded upon him, and ask'd the Subject of his Lucubration; he told me, that Men are mortal, and should always have their *Testament* prepar'd. In his Absence, Sir, I stole a Peep at the Paper, and what should it be, but an Essay on *gradual Suicide*.

Braz. Captain, you should endeavour to keep him in Spirits, and never let him sit a Minute alone.

Cap. I will observe, Counsellor; but as you are a Man of great Understanding, as my Lord says, what's your Opinion of the Times?

Braz. I will freely give you my Opinion, Captain. Our Friends were really in the Wrong, that I knew from the Beginning. They trusted too much to Appearances, and made more Promises than they could perform. They deceiv'd themselves, and imposed on their Friends. Had we carry'd our Point, all Things would be well, but desperate Enterprizes should not be attempted upon a precarious Interest. If ever we begin, where we left off, I'm certain we'll fall short of our former Number. Encroachments on the Constitution, are like Rebellions, the Work of Policy, and deep Design, and should alway have the strongest Probability of Success for their Support. You know, Captain, no Man could put a better Face on a bad Cause than I did. Ye Gods,
how

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how I labour'd that Night! ev'n my Foes admir'd me, while I prov'd a Terror to the Party.

Cap. Gad, Sir, you speak like an Angel; but that curs'd *Pleadwell*, and that furious *Dash-Court*, plagu'd you, Sir, didn't they? Gad, I could thrust my Fist down their Throats when they us'd to interrupt you.

Braz. You saw, Captain, I brav'd the Majority of the Representative, but when the Eyes of the Publick were open'd, and their Ears attentive to the missive Essays from the Press, we began to lose Ground. It was better that we had not employ'd that *little superficial snarling* CONSIDERER. For the Answers he provok'd, made the very Coblers, Politicians, and all the Disinterested look'd upon us, as Despoilers of the Publick Wealth. The Writers on our Side are tedious and *finessing*, on the other plain and short.

Capt. Gad, all you say is true, Sir; I wish my Lord had minded his own Business. Gad, Sir, he labour'd so Night and Day for his Friends, that for three Winters, he never went to Prayers out of the Form of his Place: and now, Sir, he is so disconcerted, that ev'n an *Anthem* would ruffle his Temper. — He says, Sir, the old Man *in our Street*, promis'd to go Hand in Hand with him in all these Matters; and what think you, Sir? tho' he speaks civil to my Lord, he says in private, he is a sly artful Deceiver, and that he was never out-witted by any Man before.

Braz. You surprize me, Captain; what means this Debate?

Capt. I'll tell you, Sir: my Lord, it seems, could not do well without the *old Man* and his Interest; the old Man could do nothing without my Lord. On some late Instances my Lord laid the Scope of his Conduct too open; he plainly demonstrated, that he intended to make no more than a Tool of the *old Man*,

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Man, and that he look'd upon him to be too cunning and avaricious to be intrusted, therefore he did not mean *him*, or *his*, any effectual Service; preferring *Bob*, instead of *Ben*, contrary to *Compact*, (as they call it;) and providing for that antiquated *Fop*, that awkward paltry Coxcomb, Sir *Pinch-Belly Saveall*, made the *old Man* smoke him, and Gad, Sir, he's doing for himself, and making separate Articles: I must own, Sir, *Ben* was treated very ill; there was the Dev'l to play about the Matter in our Street. *Ben* is a foul-mouthed Fellow, Gad, Sir, he says they're both Rogues, and would you believe it, said near the Matter to their Face. The *old Man* says *Ben* is a clever Fellow, and my Lord says so too, but my Lord had always some Dread upon him from that Quarter.

Braz. This Rupture, if not timely prevented, will have fatal Consequences. What do you hear of the Deduction Captain?

Capt. Damn them Fees, Sir, I wish he had never medl'd with them. They have made a great Noise, and tho' Restitution has been made, the People are not satisfy'd. We will have queer Work soon, I'm afraid: I believe my Lord must go to the Country, and take Care of his Shepherds: as for my Part, tho' I'm not fond of fighting, I'd rather be in the Camp than wait the inevitable Change of Fortune. What, Sir, to see my Lord, after making so much Noise over all *Lanredi*, to be tumbl'd down to a private Gentleman, unable to dubb a Man a petty Constable.

Braz. Has my Lord no Device, no Resource left? I am still his Friend, and would be ready to serve him. I shall be the last, tell him, that will desert his Interest, tho' I never got Six-pence by the Cause, except a few petty Places for my Friends.

Capt. Why then, Sir, since you're so good I will tell you, that my Lord has pressing Business with you; he

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he says, Sir, with your Assistance, he could over-turn all the impending Dangers.

Braz. Let me know in what Manner I can serve him, and I shall fly on the Wings of Inclination to do it.

Capt. If my Lord could get *Ben*, *Ranger's* Place, at the Compting-House, and by any Stratagem continue the *old Ruler*, he would preserve his Influence, and secure the *old Man* his Friend. If these Things miscarry, he is undone for ever.

Braz. Away then, Captain, let him know I'll wait on him forthwith, and we'll concert the Matter.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

S C E N E, Sir George Timbertoe's House.

Enter Sir George, Solus.

SIR GEORGE.

I DID'NT swear an Oath these twenty Years, but by the largest Folio in my Possession, I'm undone. This Change! this fatal Change!——In all my Life I never knew but four great Men, who thought it an Honour to serve me.——The first selected me from Numbers of my Profession, by the *Sapience* of my Looks. Riding one Day in his Chariot, he fasten'd his Eyes on me, and order'd the Coach-man to stand; I was call'd forth, he survey'd me like one that could read the *Ways of Men*, and after a short Intercourse, he prevail'd on me to accompany him to the Park: I did, ye Gods! the Transports of that Day: There was something so *Consimilar*, so *Cogential*, as if his Soul had been ally'd to mine. Indeed

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deed as to Parts, he was superior to me ; but he has often told me, that my *Quickness of Conception* was the next Step to a great Genius. His Acquaintance first rais'd me to the Notice of the envying World. But e'er I arriv'd to the Station he often said he expected to see me in, Death caus'd a Separation between us, which cost me many an inconsoleable Hour. The next *Favourite of mine*, was a Statesman of distinguish'd Merit : When the Foremost of his Levee were deny'd Admittance, I aided his Council in the Cabinet : Long was he solicitous to serve me, and to place me above the common Level of *ordinary Men*, Men of my *own Business*, offer'd me a Title, which I had *Honour* enough to refuse, wisely judging it a greater *Honour*, without *Honour*, to rank with *Honourable Men*. The third was a Noble-man, the *Demosthenes* of the Age ; when he tasted the epistolary Sweets of my Correspondence, he could not be easy till we had a Personal Interview. When I pay'd him the first Visit, I was surrounded with a Group of choice Spirits, whose admirable Talents gave me an Opportunity of *exhibiting myself* to great Advantage. The last, tho' a Noble-man of *elevated Genius*, was a great Lover of *Mankind*, and had a peculiar Pleasure in *enjoying Men*. I was of infinite Service to him, the Doctor and I—bless my Eyes ! speak of the Dev'l as the Children say.——

Enter Doctor Lick-spittle.

Doctor, I'm your most obsequious. I have been for some Time plunged in a deep Soliloquy : I had great Men on the Carpet, and you were just entering the Lift.

Doctor. You honour me much, Sir George : but, my dear Sir, my Heart is ready to break, our Friend, our Patron, our seven-fold Shield is to guard us no more !

Sir G. There is no Help for it, *Doctor* ; we must commit ourselves to Providence, and our own Merit.

But

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But you should consider, Sir, that you and I are Men of too much Consequence to be *laid aside*, or unnotic'd by Men in Power. No Statesman, Doctor, can be successful without us; I can do something for him that no Man else can do, and you can do Things for him that no Man else would do: There's the Point, *Doctor*.

Doctor. I have done Things for the *Former* that no Man but myself (to consider Circumstances) could think of doing; but what did it avail? A set of wicked turbulent Men overthrew the Attempts of the worthiest Ruler to serve a Country that any People were ever blest'd with. Did my Countrymen but know (as I do) the Virtues, Goodness, Agreeableness, Condescension, Sincerity, Truth, Equity, Justice and Moderation of that most truly great and good Man, they would wish to be so happy as to have no Laws but of his recommending to be govern'd by, and then they would be free from the Delays of Law and Plague of Senates, being thoroughly resolv'd (as he often told me) only for their own Obstinacy, to make them a *happy flourishing People* by taking from among them the *Root of all Evil*.—If I had as many Tongues as *Homer*, and as many Pens as the Parish Writing-Master, it would be impossible for me to do him Justice.——God forbid it should be in any Man's Power to do him Justice, for then his Goodness would not be so boundless as it is.

Sir G. Your Description charms me, Doctor, and I'm sure his Son deserves no less Praise. His Spirit, Resolution, *Courage*, Bounty, his Social Virtues, Strict Justice and Love of *Mankind*, can never be sufficiently admir'd.

Doctor. That Nobleman, *Sir George*, was an intimate of mine at the University, which was *ennobl'd*

by
D
of blood it and did him long to be acquainted with him in the face of the world.

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by his *Presence*. He said many a Time he would make me a *Bishop*, which I should have been long ago, but for the Misfortunes that put me out of his Head when ever there was a Vacancy.

Sir G. His good Intentions towards me were not wanting, but how can we blame him? He didn't finish his own *Business*, then how could he undertake ours? However, Doctor, we are Men of Enterprize, when the new *Ruler* comes I'll introduce you to him.

Doctor. In return, Sir George, I will do you the same good Office, he knows me by Character, and has heard of my *Worth*: when I get into his Confidence by promulging Secrets of State, you shall feel the Effects of our Intimacy. Men of our Popularity and Utility must be retain'd. Had I liv'd in *Oliver's Days*, I could steal a Secret from under the *Pope's Pillow* for him. But how will you introduce me, Sir George? There must be a Mixture of Decency and Effrontery in the Manner.

Sir G. Pshaw, *Doctor*, nothing easier to me, than a graceful Address. Hear me now. — “May it please your — here is the Reverend *Doctor Lick-Spittle*, a Man of great Worth in Politicks. He was of extraordinary Service to your Predecessor, and will be of the same to your — if the Iniquity of the present Time requires it.”

Doctor. Excellently spoken, Sir George, Gad if the Man has Sense, that will touch him. I shall attack him cleverly too, do but hear, me Sir George.

[*Makes a cringing servile Bow.*]

“May it please your — here is the celebrated Sir George Timbertoe, a Man honoured and carefs'd by the greatest *Wits*, *Scholars*, *Authors*, *Poets* and *Statesmen* in Europe. Were your — to be unacquainted with him long, it would be a Diminution to your Merit in the Eyes of the
“ World.

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"World. To discover his Use, your — must tread the Path of your Predecessor."

Sir G. Egregiously spoken, Doctor, but we must attack him at the Water-side; for if our Enemies get round him, they will so Represent us, that he will be inaccessible for ever after.

Doctor. Right, Sir George. Let's take a Wherry and meet him with Drums, Trumpets and Kettle Drums; he will indisputably take us into his Cabin, then, Sir, we'll model the State, and tell him who is who.

Sir G. You're perfectly right, Doctor, 'twill cost but a couple of Guineas a-piece, you know the Bishop of L——k is dead.

Doctor. Protest, Sir George, I forgot that; but as to the two Guineas, you know I have a Charge, and the contested Bone my former Friend threw me, has left me penniless ever since.

Sir G. Zounds, Doctor, since I must swear, if you stumble at such little Things, it will be hard for you to talk to great Men. There's nothing like Spirit, Sir: why I intend to give a Bounty of five Guineas before my Lord's Face to the Pilot for happily steering him to the Lanredian Shore.

Doctor. Sir George, do you defray the Expence of the Expedition, and I'll repay you out of the first Fruits of his Lordship's Bounty. I will indeed Sir George.

Sir G. I scorn Restitution, Sir, I'll bear the whole Expence. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E, Lady Taffy's House.

Enter Lady Taffy and Mrs. Judas.

L. Taf. Well, Madam, you see the Uncertainty of human Things: you Courtiers, who were lately so big, now begin to look very small in the Eyes of

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the World. Your Friends to come no more. He has copy'd an infernal Example, first to betray you to serve him, and then leave you in the Lurch.

Mrs. Jud. Me, thinks, my Lady, you have no Right to revile that good Man, Sir *Cleverly* is under vast Obligations to him.

L. Taf. Not a bit, Madam, there you're out now, what Sir *Cleverly* has got, he dearly pay'd for. He only *Farms* the Place, and he shall make the *most on't*. But as for you, Madam, you adopt the Principles of your Spouse, who scandalously deserted the MAN who was the making of him. Long was he servilly dandling after every Minister, yet all his slavish Attachments could never raise him to a great Man's Notice, till your FRIEND *Squeez'd* him into some Power, which he has ever since exerted against his *Patron* and his Country. And you, Madam, I am told join Mr. *Judas* in his Contumely against that *Man* who rescu'd him from *Domestic Inquietudes*. Fye, Madam, I hate Ingratitude.

Mrs. Jud. Your Arrogance is intolerable! sure the World knows you have no Principles of one Kind or other, no Attachment to any Side, and since you speak of Husbands, is there such an *inconsistent, disagreeable, inhumane*, detested Blockhead in Europe as Sir *Cleverly*. Does he not *lie down* and *rise up* with the universal Contempt of Mankind.

L. Taf. Poor Squeazy Mrs. *Judas*! if you think by abusing Sir *Cleverly* to put me out of Temper, you're most consumedly mistaken. Take *all* Sir *Cleverly* has, but his Money, and, Madam, he's at your Service.

Mrs. Judas. Those who are Scandal Proof give their Tongues the greatest Liberty, because no Return can shock them. You'd now join the strongest Party. The *Rising* Side for you, I find.

L. Taf. By my Troth, Mam, I would be of more Use

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Use to *arising Side* than your Ladyship. Be it known to you, I don't care a Fig for either Parties, but for the sake of a uniform Opposition to Sir *Cleverly*. But what mean you Mrs. *Judas*, by your *Innuendo's*? Can't a Lady love the World without Censure? I had always the Honour of being envy'd by Ladies obscurely bred: Madam, I was educated at *Court*, and enjoy'd high Life with Innocence: When I marry'd, I had no Notion of being treated like a *Spaniard*: But you, and such as are immur'd up in a dirty Country-house, better than two Thirds of the Year, and only see the Town when you petition for it, make six greedy Visits in a Morning, as many at Noon, gathering up the Scandal o' the Town, from every Tea-table, and Multiplying it like Snow-balls; inviting the whole Neighbourhood to dine one Day, to reap fifty Per-cent, by dining with each separately; coaxing a Tenant when renewing his Lease, or a drunken Agent, out of a couple of Pieces, for Box or Lattices, or pilphering the Butler of his Perquisites, for Pin Money. Puny Ladies, under these Disadvantages, are ever fond of defaming a Lady of Gaiety and Spirit.

Mrs. Jud. My Lady, I have no Inclination, to enter with you upon an Argument, you have been so often oblig'd to defend; and from this Hour, shall never be dishonour'd by your Acquaintance.

La. Taf. Ha, ha, ha! O dear Madam, your most oblig'd: the Favour I shall acknowledge; shake off the Dust at the Door from your Shoes; carry no Infection but your own with you: take out your Drops, and Vehicle yourself to *Castle-Judas*, the only Place under Heav'n you're welcome to. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, Miss *Lurewell's* House.

Enter Miss *Lurewell*, and Lady *Pratcapace*.

Miss Lur. To unburden one's Mind to a Bosom Friend, is some Relief in Afflictions. *La.*

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La. Prat. My dear Miss *Lurewell*, what's the Matter?

Miss Lur. The Scum of the Earth, these indigent Mechanicks,——when one is once in their Books,—they become so inexorable:——I expect that Hungry-looking Mercer every Moment; The Fellow carries the Breach of fifty Banks every instant in his Countenance,

La. Prat. Did'nt you *take in* Sir *Cleverly* the other Night?

Miss Lur. Curse the Blockhead; did you ever know so consummate a Coxcomb! I touch'd fifty Pieces of his, but his Lady's abominable Impertinence made it a dear Purchase: burn the Creature! I believe she grew jealous.

La. Prat. Antidote as he is to every Joy, yet for two Reasons I could be one with him.

Miss Lur. Assign them, I beseech you.

La. Prat. To rob him of his *better-self*, his Money, and mortify the Termagant his Lady.

Miss Lur. The Loss of the Money, indeed, would mortify her, but as for his Person, she's quite easy in that Point: No one knows *Life* better than my Lady. I had some Thoughts of making her free of our *Sunday's Drum*, but then the curs'd Dev'l's a Blab, and you may guess by her Colour, she'd *cut the Cards* oftener than they'd come to her *Turn*: This might offend Ladies of Spirit, and the least Discord would cause a fatal *Explosion*.

La. Prat. I know her to be that Kind of *Vixen*, to say no worse of her——that if she was once offended in so tender a Point, she'd expose herself to be reveng'd. And her knack of soothing up the poor *Turkey-fac'd-Knight*, when his *Temples ach*, is the highest Scene you ever beheld. Believe me Madam, he always repents first, and to see the clumsy Penitent at her Feet, becalming the Throbs of his weeping *Lucretia*; reclining on her Arm, and bedewing her Handkerchief! Such a poetical Lesson,
adapted

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adapted to the Passions, *Sappho* never taught her fair Disciples.

Mis. Lur. I see you know her intimately ; by the World, she's just the Thing you Paint.

La. Prat. No doubt, she'll pick a Quarrel with you for what *Sir Cleverly* lost, she'd rather lose a hundred Pieces herself, than that he should lose ten.

Miss Lur. Whenever we meet, I shall be prepar'd for her. I hate scolding in my Heart, and yet I have no bad Hand, at ingeniously tormenting a guilty Conscience. I know what affects myself, must affect all the Sisterhood, (as my Lord phrases it.)

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

SCENE, *Sir Cleverly's House.*

Enter Benjamin and Sir Cleverly.

BENJAMIN.

I HOPE *Sir Cleverly*, by this Time, you have a better Relish for the Voice of Truth, than you seem'd to have, when you and I were last together.

Sir Clev. Zounds, Sir, what are these Things to me? You may talk of Virtue and Patriotism, Sir, I never got a Shilling by such Phantoms, and I'll tell you more, Sir, this Change, is not so unlucky as you imagine. I din'd with *the old Man* Yesterday. Sir, he swears he'll make you a great Man yet: he can wind the new *Ruler* round his Finger, as *Cumberbatch* us'd to do the Thread of his Discourse. From the *old Man's*, I went to my *Lord's*: I supp'd there; we had a Princely Entertainment, surrounded by a noble Conclave. Gad, Sir, let the World say what they

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they will, he's a fine Gentleman, and graces a superb Entertainment, most inchantingly. We had a Calfe's Head, Sir, and the Sauce cost five Guineas: the best Burgundy! the best Champaign! the best Claret! Damn me, Sir, if I believe the Man will die worth a Groat, tho' so much rail'd at, by a barbarian *Cannaile*.

Ben. To spend a large Fortune in a Country, to betray the Liberties of the People, can never be call'd Hospitality. Sir, it is *Usury* of the worst Kind.

Sir Cl. Impossible, Sir, *Usury*! Damn, me the Man has no Notion of any such Thing.

Ben. I'll prove him a base, designing *Usurer*, and the most dangerous, that ever distress'd *Lanredi*: To what Purpose does he spend, in riotous Entertainments, a *Ministerial* Appointment, but to obtain a deprav'd Majority, to support him at the Head of those, who have promised to co-operate with him, in making *Lanredi* a Province to his Directors, after he had first made a Province of it to himself, and pillag'd it as a conquer'd Nation, establishing, by the *Wages of Corruption*, a Power of distressing us for *Life*? If he was a Man of real Charity, or Hospitality; the *Thirsty*, the *Hungry*, and the *Naked*, would feel the Bounties of his *Hand*. Tho' he's at the Head of the *ALMS*, has he ever reliev'd *Merit* in *Distress*, or given a reduc'd Gentleman a *Dinner*.—It is not Charity, or Hospitality, to cajole the Unwary with fallacious Promises, he never intended to perform, and make profuse Entertainments for every *dissolute Gamester*, that was willing to sell his *Country* to mend his *Shipwreck'd Fortune*.

Sir Cl. I find, Sir, there is no convincing you by Words. Here is a Pamphlet, the *old Man* bade you read it:—he says, it is the Quintessence of Truth, read these excellent *OBSERVATIONS*.

Ben. (*Reads the Title.*) Away, with your exploded Doctrine, and tell your Friend, the Fault is not so much

much in the Inability of the Writers, as the Imperfection of the Cause. The Art of a *Machiavel*, with all the persuasive Powers of Oratory, shall never make me believe a glaring Falshood. The Observation of every Day carries a new Conviction with it. The inextricable Confusion and Perplexity, which attend fallacious Arguments, will ever appear in their natural Deformity, to an Eye of Attention. When a Fry of *venal* Writers, get into the Cabinet of a weak, and a wicked Minister, they promulge his Anecdotes, and unwittingly expose to publick View, those pernicious Schemes, which their Employers had, for a long Time, taken prodigious Pains to palliate and disguise; and of this great Truth, your *Co-adjutor* to St. Paul, as you call him, is a notable Example in all his INQUIRIES.

Sir Cl. Gad, this *Ben* is a stubborn Fellow, it's true what the *old Man* says; he's a *Veteran*, and worth twenty of the ordinary Kind. (*aside.*) But, Sir, what does it avail, as to the Goodness of the Cause, if the *old Man*'s new Friend begins where his Predecessor left off? Gad, Sir, we'll enter the Lists once more, Money will do the Dev'l and all.

Ben. With such Reptiles, as you, it may. (*aside.*) I'll tell you, Sir *Cleverly*, one prophetick Truth, a Man of good Principles, and sound Policy, will never think of pursuing the exploded Schemes, of a hated, and discarded Predecessor, or become a Dupe, to a desperate and precarious Interest. This is no Time for private Jobbs, for continuing Animosities, or insulting the Majority of a Representative: such a Representative will be treated by every wise Ruler, with that Respect and Attention, which their Loyalty and Consequence deserves. Consider, Sir *Cleverly*, an insidious Minister, detected in innumerable Falshoods, and the blackest Designs, frustrated in his unnatural Schemes, which he was oblig'd to desert *unfinish'd*; will a righteous Ruler, then, head a

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Junto Callous, with *Odium* and *popular Hatred*, to establish a Cause, which must be impossible to accomplish, while the Opposition remains more formidable, than in the Time of his hated Predecessor. The Sire of this noble Youth, has been often solicited to go the *old Man's* Lengths, but could never be prevail'd on, to deviate from those Principles, which he deriv'd from his illustrious Ancestors: To imagine then, that the new Ruler is to be led, by the present *expiring Junto*, is to believe the worst of him, that a human Breast can conceive: Nay, such a Suggestion, is no less an Impeachment on his Principles, than his Understanding.

Sir. Cl. Zounds, but ar'nt you asham'd to revolt? What will your Enemies say?

Ben. When the misleading Object disappears, Truth and Virtue will resume their natural Force: I glory in the Punishment I receiv'd, by sharing the publick Resentment, and am proud to fly to the Arms of my Country, extended to receive all those, who are rescu'd from the Deception of their *Leaders*.

Sir. Cl. Why, didn't you foresee these Things long ago, and guard against Inadvertency? I believe I have stun'd him now. (*Aside.*)

Ben. Is it a Reason, because I was lull'd for a while into a fallacious Tranquility, and unapprehensive of Danger, that I should implicitly remain so for ever. The Measures of the *Junto*, long since convinc'd me, that I was lending a Hand to the Destruction of that Country, in whose Prosperity I had a permanent Interest, and were it not for the Anti-constitutional Authors, that rous'd a VINDICATION and COMMON SENSE, to dissipate the Mists, that were artfully rais'd by the Pens of Corruption, I might be still unhappy by being of your Opinion, and Principles in Politicks. To recede from a bad Cause, is a demonstration of Wisdom and Virtue, rather than Inconsistency of Conduct.

Sir

Sir Cl. I'll attack him once more. (*Aside.*) But do you consider, Sir, that the World will say, you have deserted your Friends, upon an Apprehension of their being on the losing Side.—I believe I have nick'd him there. (*Aside.*)

Ben. To weak dastardly Minds, your Argument might be a Restraint, and I'm afraid is so to some: But don't you tell me, your Friends intend to begin where they left off: Isn't that saying, you'll again attempt to subvert all Right and Property? Can it at any Time be iniquitous, to quit Vice, and embrace Virtue; to fly from Slavery and Bondage, to the Arms of Liberty and Freedom. This, Sir *Cleverly*, I'd have you, and the World know, that those whose Censure a good Man should fear, have appear'd foremost, in the Defence of the Liberties of *Lanredi*. To join them, then, is not dishonourable, and they have too much Sense, to impute a Renunciation of former Errors, to a Breach of Principles, or Understanding: The Question that imbroiled the Nation, from it's Novelty and Disuse, might bewilder ingenious Minds for some Time; but when a cool, disinterested Inquiry was made, and the proper Records searched, it was found to be consistent, and covæval with, and inseparably essential to, the Constitution: To pare away then, or resign this single inherent Privilege of the *Representative*, would be to reduce *Lanredi* to an absolute Province, to every corrupt and rapacious Minister.

Sir Cl. Zounds, I'm tir'd *arguing* with him, the Man is certainly mad. (*Aside.*) Well, Sir, since all I have said won't convince you, you must e'en take your own Way; I'll report you accordingly.

Ben. May the Enemies to *Lanredi*, never have a more successful Ambassador. (*Aside.*) Sir *Cleverly*, adieu: Report me to be any Thing but a Courtier, and I'll forgive you; but let the *old Man* know, that when Courtiers consult the Honour of the SOVEREIGN, and

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the welfare of the Nation, more than the Destruction of *both*, to promote their private Emolument, *Ben* will be their Friend. [Exeunt.

SCENE, Counsellor Brazen's House.

Enter Coun. Brazen, and Captain Derumple.

Braz. Well, Captain, to-morrow for the *Head*; I'm going upon an honourable Embassy, and something tells me I'll succeed.

Capt. Our Fate depends upon your Success; but above all Things inforce the Message to my Lord, by the Reverend Hand; make that Story believ'd, and there's no Necessity for a new Ruler, and our Friend will resume the Cause, with redoubl'd Vigour and Revenge; and reduce to Plains and devious Wastes the splendid *Metropolis* of *Lanredi*.

Braz. I shall execute my Lord's Commands, with the utmost Punctuality; but I'm afraid of *Ben*: I didn't like his Discourse, when I saw him last.

Capt. Gad, Sir, *Ranger's* Place is a pretty Thing; how pleasing must it be to a needy Man, to feast his Eyes, and line his Pockets, with Ministerial Guineas: Damn me, Sir, tho' well I love *SCRATCH-LAND*, my native Country, I'd sell every Sod of it, to the *Grand Turk*, for the Office: Point out the Necessity of removing him, Sir, and all is well.

Braz. I must away, Captain, all Things are ready at the Water Side; I glory, in being the Ambassador of such a righteous Minister.

Capt. Heav'n grant you Success; if your Cash falls short, Counsellor, write to my Lord, and 500l. more shall be transmitted: Farewel, and prosper.

[Exeunt.

SCENE,

SCENE, Pleadwell's House.

Enter Pleadwell and Sir Richard Dasb-Court.

Sir R. You have heard, Friend Pleadwell, of Ben's protested Tergiversation.

Plead. Yes, and never believ'd a Word of it; I tell you, Sir Richard, he has not forgot the old Man's Lessons of *Finesse*, he is now rehearsing a Part the *Jugler* has so often play'd before him. However his Hypocrisy and affected Patriotism, have confoundly expos'd my Lord, and the old Man, all over the Town. I shall ask your Opinion, Sir Richard, how the Man behind the Wainscot stands affected.

Sir R. As vile an *Apostate* as ever; he affects a seeming Disconcertion of Spirits, and is going about the Town, publishing his own Disgrace: Sir, let me tell you, he's not so near Ruin as People imagine. The Portrait of that MICRO-TYRANT is shocking to all who have a just Relish for the Sweets of Liberty. Sir, he would exceed NERO in Cruelty and Ambition, and exclude all from the Sun-shine of his Favour, who retain'd the least Particle of Honour or Virtue; glorying in the Universal Contempt of the People, while they're unable to unbind their Chains, and he, like his infernal Director, setting the World at Defiance, secure within his CIRCLE. Have we not seen him partial and corrupt in the Distribution of Justice; perverting Constitutional Power, to promote the Instruments of his Exaltation? Has he not been wanton and profligate in the Application of the Wealth of the People? No Resource, no Protection, no Security of Property by the Sanction of the Laws, and ev'ry Art devis'd totally to extinguish the Love of Liberty, Independency and Virtue.

Plead.

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Plead. Some who were so abandon'd as to contribute to that Wretch's Exaltation, would soon fall Victims to his all-devouring Ambition. The Instruments of unlawful and unnatural Power, when once arriv'd to Consequence, must be remov'd: Fears and Jealousies are the true *Tests* of Tyranny.

Sir Rich. This *naked Adventurer*, this *glassy Effeminate* Caitiff, surpriz'd *Lanredi* by springing into the *first* Consequence before even his Name was known among us. A Creature of no Line, Parts or Abilities but what qualify him for the infernal Offices assign'd him by his Directors. That such a *Miscreant* then should dissolve the Confidence and destroy the Peace of an innocent People, must be shocking to every Mind, emulous, as we are, of a *British* Genius. Has even the Appearance of Virtue or Moderation restrain'd his Avarice and Ambition from infringing on the Limits of each Man's private Station? Has he not persecuted Men in Place for not lending their Hand to their Country's Ruin? Has he not wickedly and wantonly divested others of their Privileges as Men and Free Agents? has he not endeavour'd to subdue *Conscience*, *Honour*, and *publick Trust* by Bribes, Menaces and Promises, enjoy'd but in Idea? If this huge Cormorant, this Pandar to Ministerial Power is not stopp'd in his ambitious Career, Fame, Reputation, Honour and Respect, which subsist by the Publick Voice, will descend into universal Disrespect and national Reproach; nor will a pompous Train of loud-sounding-Titles command that Esteem, which the displac'd Patriot happily enjoys in the Hearts and Tongues of applauding Constituents. Could ill-fated *Cumberbatch*, in his silken Gown, preserve the Reputation he enjoyed in a private Station? When he mix'd with the Publick, did he not appear like a Monster gaz'd at by every indignant Spectator? Did not his Time hang heavy upon his Hands, affording him
Leisure

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Leisure for corrosive Retrospections. And tho' he burden'd his Arm with Rolls of Parchment, was he not visibly unemploy'd, till after having lost his Practice and Reputation, he dy'd a Victim to the *only Step* that disgrac'd the Honour of his hoary Locks. But you, friend *Pleadwell*, enjoy the Rewards of Virtue: When your Foes thought they *bumbl'd* you, they did but exalt you, you appear more *amiable* and glorious in *Grogram*, than an oily Tyrant in *Lawn* or *Ermin*.

Plead. Spare me, my Friend, I have done but my Duty. The Wind is fair, some important News arrives, or I'm out in my Conjecture. Let's haste to hear it. [Exeunt.

A C T IV.

S C E N E, The *Assembly*.

Enter Lady Taffy, Lady Prate-a-pace and Miss Lurewell,

Lady TAFFY.

OUR new Ruler, Ladies, ingrosses all the Chat in Town, he's a charming Nobleman I declare, and full of Gaiety. We'll have a Brilliant Court indisputably, and we Ladies should combine to destroy all Party Chat, it mars every Joy in Life. The former *Mumpsimus*, and his curs'd Junto, ruin'd all Gaiety and Pleasure.

L. Prat. No one is supposed to be better acquainted with Court—Pleasures than your Ladyship, you'll enjoy them with a refin'd Taste, and perhaps improve on them, your Ladyship has had Experience.

L. Taf. Yes, Lady Prate-a-pace, I will enjoy them, they are my *Birth-right*, but not in the Sense
you

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you and Miss *Lurewell* enjoy your *Sunday's Drum*! ha, ha, ha! your *Whips*, your *Jellys*, *Superficial Suppers*, and *Candy'd Preludes*, to the conscious Entertainments of the half-lighted Closets: what Censure, from such obnoxious Creatures! I remember you, for *once* sat cross-Legs when Miss *Lurewell* won Sir *Cleverly's* Money, and when he play'd with my Lord, Miss *Lurewell* stood behind his Chair, view'd his Cards, and notify'd them to his Lordship, but she has lost her *Trinket*. O! dire *Execution*! Pity my Lord doesn't limit his Expences for her Sake.

Miss Lur. Poor, low, impotent Malice! because I won a Trifle from Sir *Cleverly*: I hope, my Lady, the Captain will not suffer by Sir *Cleverly's* Prodigality. It were a Pity his Money should be misplac'd.

L. Taf. O you Witch-Nuisance! don't you hold an open School of Debauchery on the Sabbath Day, and send Cards to every broad-shoulder'd Fellow, to attend your Ridotto al Frisko, Frisky enough? most consummate Impudence to appear among Ladies of Character. And you, Lady *Prateapace*, I have known your Hoop, like Charity, cover a Multitude of Sin; don't you quit the Kingdom regularly once a Year? Pray who is your Man-midwife, my Lady, I presume he's a Man of great Secrecy and Dispatch.

Miss Lur. The World, my Lady, is not so unacquainted with your Gallantries as you imagine. The sly Wench your *Niece*; ay your *Niece* to be sure! Poor Sir *Cleverly* little thinks she's the first Fruits of your Industry. Your courtly Pleasures, my Lady! I'll talk to Sir *Cleverly*, he shan't for the future get up so early; Poor Soul while he drags himself three or four Miles of a Morning, to escape the Gout, you are fortifying his *Front* in his Absence; an Ornament on the Forehead, setts off a long Visage.

L. Prat. A Truce, Ladies. I know Lady *Taffy* is jealous because she's not one of our Sisterhood.

If

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If your Appetite was less *keen*, my Lady, you
should now and then find a *Handkerchief* at your
Feet; and so your jealous! poor *ittle* Soul! [*Sings.*
A *Peer*, a *Knight*, a *Captain*, a noble *Triple Band*,
with their fol, lol, &c.

Were once devoted to your Ladyship's Command,
with their fol lol, &c.

But the *Knight* now growing feeble, my Lady fain
would come,

To taste the Pleasures of our *Sodality* and *Drum*,
with her fol, lol, &c.

But b'ing deny'd Access to our sprightly gallant
Scene, with her fol, lol, &c.

She's arm'd with all the Rage of Malice and of
Spleen, with her fol, lol, &c.

Thus disappointed *Vixens* will ever vent their Rage;
When they miss the lucky Season, their Passion to
assuage, by a tol, lol, &c.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

S C E N E, Sir George Timbertoe's House.

Enter Sir George, and Doctor Lickspittle.

Sir G. I am, Doctor, (more than any Man ever
was) your devoted Servant.

Doctor. You overwhelm me with a Profusion of
your Kindness, Sir George; but the Day I hope will
come.——I was at my Lord's this Morning. He
laughs at the Chat of the Town. He told me a pro-
found *Secret*, I swore by my Priesthood I'd never re-
veal it, but you and I Sir George are one Body and
one Mind: I'll never forget your generous Offer of
paying the whole Expende of the *Expedition*. But
as to the Point, Counsellor *Brazen* is dispatch'd to
the other Side o' the Water. You know he's a fine
Fellow, Sir George: My Lord says he has no Doubt
of his coming over with an *Olive Branch* in his
Mouth.

F

Sir G.

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Sir G. What's his Errand, *Doctor*?

Doctor. Why faith now I didn't ask, I was loth to be inquisitive, but it is some glorious Embassy or other.

Sir G. If the Counsellor then miscarries, and our meeting with the new Ruler prove inauspicious, I will quit this wretched, abominable and incorrigible Island. I have been these thirty Years endeavouring to reclaim it from Dirt, Scandal, Poverty and Indolence, by one Lucubration or other, and you see it's all in vain. Abandon'd Lanredi, ever shamefully flying in her *Monitor's Face*: Besides, that damnable *Dash-Court* bodes me some Mischief, and the red Rogues cry, stay, Sir George, 'till next Winter, by the L——d we'll give you *Vapulation*. Are these Words to be borne with, Doctor, by a Man who often sat with their Betters.

Doctor. That *Dash-Court*, Sir George, makes it a Point to attack Men of *Virtue* and *Merit*. Sir, he can never let me alone. He gave me four *Shillings* once, and then exposed me for taking it: another Time he ordered me *twelve*, and what do you think? he had me turn'd out of Company for accepting it. And what was worse, he made a long Discourse on *Ingratitude*, the whole Company began to look at me. Gad, Sir George, I never was so dash'd in my Life. He's a Dev'l of a Fellow for discovering *Anecdotes*.

Sir G. If Things go to the worst, I have a plentiful Fortune, that, with my own *Merit*, will recommend me to any Court in Europe? I should like Spain. My Notions of Government are calculated to the Meridian of that Climate. Gad I like an *Inquisition*, and you know when the *Head* of the Church and the *Head* of the People, are, as they have been, my humble Servants, I shall be free from all the petulant Merryment of the Town.

Doctor. Wait the Issue of the Embassy, and our Expedition,

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Expedition, before you determine upon a Peregrination. I must wait on my Lord: on my Return, you shall know the Resolves of Fate.

S C E N E, *Pleadwell's House.*

Enter Sir Richard.

Sir R. My good Friend, Pleadwell, some happy Occurrence sparkles in your Eyes, come disburden.

Plead. The Truth is, my Lord has ~~out~~ *plotted himself*, being detected in a recent Forgery to deceive his royal Master, and his filthy Ambassador has return'd with Vengeance at his Heels, and has nothing but Lies to support his NO-CREDIT at Home. *He saw my Lord, he din'd with my Lord, he chatted with my Lord,* and yet the pusillanimous Scoundrel was so far from seeing him, that he couldn't tell, when he came back, what Street he liv'd in. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir R. Be more explicit, I beseech you; is there any late Action of his worse than the whole Tenor of his Conduct, since he arriv'd to *bated Authority*?

Plead. Yes, Sir; his last lying Effort to continue *his* and the old Ruler's detested Power, has expos'd the Villainy of his Mind. He procur'd a Letter to a Great Man beyond the Water, assuring him, that his Competitor (as he affects to stile our glorious Friend) had sent him a Proposal to *act under him*, and join in the Support of former Measures, and this Message was affirm'd to be brought by a very Reverend Hand. Upon Inquiry it was found to be false, and the slavish Ambassador dismiss'd, the Treason was lik'd, but they hated the Traitor.

Sir R. When a Tyrant thinks himself in Danger, he is the most contemptibly mean of all human Creatures, like one drowning, catches at every weak Bulrush for Support. What a feeble, unpromising and fallacious Attempt this was, to get his odious Friend continu'd?

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Plead. What are the first Fruits you'd hope from this happy Change?

Sir R. I'll tell you freely: If no open or secret Influence be made Use of, to prevent *Representations* against STRAFFORD and *Straffordians*, if the MURTY is banish'd from Government, and Council, his Pupil excluded for Misrepresentation and *Extortion*, the *Misapplier* oblig'd to refund, and the ANSWER not PREVIOUS to the *Question*, then will the Smiles of Peace, Joy, and Tranquility bespread themselves o'er the Land. Tyranny and Competition will be no more, mutual Confidence and publick Credit be restor'd, Faction and Division expire at the Approach of Loyalty and Love, and the extinction of Animosity and Discontentment. These are our *Terms*, and if they're refus'd, there's a Change of *Men* but not of *Measures*.

Plead. Let us hope the best from our new Ruler, for if his Character speaks him right, his Errand will be Peace. As a Man of Honour he will be true to himself, and as a Man of Sense, he will be equally averse to Knaves and Fools.

Sir Rich. Trust me, Sir, whilever CHARTERS has any Interest with our Rulers, we should be on our Guard. God protect the People, and defend their Liberties.

A C T V.

S C E N E, Sir George's House.

Enter Sir George Timbertoe and Doctor Lick-spittle.

Sir G. Well, Doctor, you see what an abandon'd Country this is; the great Man's arrived, but with such a Crew about him, that we were excluded his Prefence.

Doctor. True, Sir George, but I made him several
Bows

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Bows, I will be with him *To-morrow*, and the *next Day*; Sir, I will constantly attend before *he's up*; and if ever he *Closets* me, I'll engage his Confidence for ever after.

Sir G. Why, I made him several *Bows* too; but what then, Doctor, I'm sure he has no personal Knowledge of either of us. As for my Part, publick Affairs seem to wear a dubious Aspect: I went the other Day to visit the popular Leader, being the first Time these three Years past; I brought him a fine Book, neatly gilt, you may be sure: I couldn't see him then, however, I took Courage and went again; I was admitted: But Heav'ns, my Confusion and Surprise! who should be there before me, but *Sir Richard Dash-Court*: Sir, my Leg trembl'd under me, and my Tongue lost it's Power: he accosted me in a terrifick Manner: What! says he, *havn't you publish'd, that we hire Senates as we do Stage-Coaches? I will have the nefarious Villain, the Utterer of this Insult to our Constitution, pillor'd in every Market-Town in Lanredi.* He went on, Doctor, Gods! how he went on, and while he was Speeching, I stole out of the Room, pale and trembling as I was: *Sir Cleverly Buskin* went in, just as I came out. Gad, Doctor, these *Visits* forebode a Change.

Doctor. O dear, *Sir George*, had I been with you, what a Pickle I would have been in! that curs'd *Dash-Court* would have abused me beyond Measure. Sir, he would call me, as he has often done before, a BARRATER, a Betrayer of Secrets, an Ingrate, a Violator of the Laws of Hospitality, and every Thing that came in his Head: Gad, I had an excellent Escape.

Sir G. Doctor, I'm just going to Court, and should be glad you'd accompany me.

Doctor. I will with Pleasure, *Sir George*; *Sir Harry Chaffingdish* will be there before us, Sir, he told me the other Day he should actually be VICE RULER, I believe we'll be advantageously introduc'd then.

Sir G.

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Sir G. A good Face, is a powerful Letter of Recommendation ; come on, Sir, and we'll take in Dr. *B--tt*, on the Way ; he's an honest Soul, as ever thump'd a Cushion. [Exeunt.

S C E N E, *Sir CLEVERLY'S House,*

Enter Sir Cleverly and Benj. Treatall.

Sir Cl. Well *Ben*, I believe you'll change your Note now, What do you think of my Understanding, by this Time of Day ?

Ben. Man is frail, and short-sighted ; that I plainly see, *Sir Cleverly* : Have you been at Court yet ?

Sir Cl. I was, Sir, and have no Doubt of carrying our Point. Stick to the old Cause, *Benjamin*, and you'll have your own Terms ; don't you see all your Friends in his Confidence, a Man is known by his Company. *Charters*, and my Lord, are with him in private every Night, and the Reports lately spread abroad are false : We had a Hand in spreading them ourselves : Zounds, Sir, my Lord bit them all ; he was publishing his Disgrace about the Town, while he was securing his Interest on the other Side. I have heard him say, he wish'd to be out of Power, and thought the Sweets of a private Life, superior to all the Pageantry and Pomp of Ministerial Authority. Sir, he's to be a greater Man than ever : You see, Sir, we are Men of *Finesse*. My Lord pretended a Disagreement between him, and the old Man ; the Town greedily swallow'd this Fiction, and from thence prophecy'd the *Muffti's* Fall, as his Enemies call him. I acknowledge, they don't love one another ; but, Sir, don't you consider, they must stand or fall together ?

Ben. Faith, *Sir Cleverly*, if I have no Opinion of your Understanding. I have some of your Intelligence.

Sir Cl. Be concise, Sir, are you to be with us, or not, shall we reckon on you ?

Ben.

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Ben. Hav'n't I told you, that Man is frail.

Sir Cl. Zounds, Sir, but are you frail?

Ben. I am, Sir *Cleverly*.

Sir Cl. Well then, by the Blood you're with us :
shall I report you so?

Ben. You may, Sir *Cleverly*.

Sir Cl. Now, you see, *Benjamin*, I am a Man of Honour and Resolution; I have been several Times insulted in my Place, even check'd in my Authority, to the loss of 700 l. an Inspector sent over me, and a Plan of Proceeding laid down, that I am not upon my Peril to recede from : Abus'd on the one Side, and insulted on the other, yet under all these Disadvantages, I will stick to the old Cause; being most agreeable to my Nature.

BEN SOLUS.

*Gods, how fickle and unconstant is Man !
Constant to nothing, but Inconstancy ;
I am now led, to the Destruction of Lanredi,
With my Eyes open, and my Understanding clear.
I am forsaken by Virtue, Resolution and Honour :
Curse this Interest, and Grasp at Pow'r,
What a Warfare they create, in the Mind of Man ;
I am now compell'd to act, upon the Antipodes of
Reason.*

*Adieu, to the Sweets of Virtue,
The hallow'd Enjoyments of a good Conscience,
And the Gratitude, and Approbation of my Country.*

SCENE, Sir Richard Dash-Court's House.

Enter Sir Richard and Pleadwell.

Plead. Give me your Hand, Sir Richard, I honour your Resolution, and applaud your prophetick Spirit. Your Penetration has render'd you considerable, to the highest Degree of Emulation : I was first disgusted at your *uncourtly Conduct* ; but now approve the Measure.

Sir

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Sir Rich. I remember an old Toast ; *Stick to your Tackle*, OLD HARRY ; I doubt not, but it may be a very necessary one upon this Occasion : It's not the first Time, I have seen young Boys come with Chaff in their Hands, to catch old Birds. The People on the other Side have a damn'd mean Opinion of our Understandings, or our Principles: Sir, Virtue, Unanimity, and publick Spirit, were never so requisite as at this Juncture : Either Want of Sense, or Want of Knavery, has brought Things about strangely. If *Charters* was at some Body's Elbow, these Discoveries would not have been made : The old Man crys, they are all Boys ! all Boys !

Plead. We are now, just where we left off, and the same Interest avow'd and supported.

Sir R. Mark but the Locusts that are next to Pow'r : If Honour, Popularity, Interest, Virtue, or the Welfare of *Lanredi*, are dear to the Fathers of their Country, they must make a necessary *Stand*. Their Loyalty animates them to the Defence of their Royal Master, and their Patriotism to protect the Liberties of their Country. Are not the Enemies to the Country, supported against the general Voice of the People? Have not CONCESSIONS been made, Promisses given, and all these uniformly disown'd? Are not the Tadpoles o' the Court riggling about, and inflaming the People, by protesting that Measures, (which tend to their Destruction) are to be pursu'd, and that the Protectors of the Liberties of their Country, are to be continu'd in Disgrace? Have any Overtures been made, for the restoration of publick Confidence, Credit, or National Security?

Plead. I must own, I can't boast much of the Prospect.

Sir R. Sir, if we don't stand together with the utmost Unanimity, we are undone for ever. There must be no separate Points in View, if the grand and indispensable Point is not carry'd, we'll be miserable

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able for ever. I have already enumerated them to you, and they are obvious to ev'ry gen'rous Mind, but if we are *cajol'd* into a Division among ourselves, lull'd into a fallacious Tranquility, prevented from justifying the Honour of the Representative, censuring the proud Heads of Faction, or punishing Frauds and Tyrant-encroachments on the Constitution; farewell POPULARITY, LIBERTY, and LANRED! Every future Struggle to regain our Freedom, will be look'd upon by the People as *Chicanery*, or *Finesse*, actuated by a Spirit of Contention for Power and Places.

Plead. Your Doctrine is irresistible, and will undoubtedly be follow'd by every Friend to Liberty; our Enemies will never divide with such a Number again, Peoples Eyes are now open, they will not sacrifice a permanent landed Interest in their Country, for a Place or Pension for Life; those who come over to feel our Pulses, find them beat high, and probably may never stand the *ferment* of the *Fit*. How happy for us, that some Men have not as much Execution as Zeal, that with every bad Intention, they have mix'd a Portion of Indiscretion, which counteracts the Malignity, and frustrates it's Effects.

Sir R. It is our Fault if the JOURNEY quits Cost, it is a bold Lottery, three hundred thousand pounds the Prize, and the Blanks as many to *one*, unless the Proprietors chuse to give it up. *But,*
We'll guard our Liberties, and protect our STORE,
'Gainst Fools, and Knaves, and Parasites of Pow'r;
Despise all Places, ev'ry Courtly Fee,
“ And prove he's only Great,—who dares be free.”

F I N I S.



EPILOGUE.

YOU'VE seen this Night, a Glorious *Patriot-Flame*;
Excite your Horror 'gainst a Tyrant's Name,
Whose *Serpent-Guile* and *hipocritic Grace*,
Sow'd foul Dissention in the *Realms of Peace*;
Whilst honest Breasts glow'd with *indignant Ire*,
To see their Country's *Liberties expire*.

Not *Pride* or *Faction* or *Ambition* draws
The much fam'd *DASH-COURT* to defend the *Laws*;
But just *Abhorrence* to the *Tools of State*,
Who'd ruin Millions to be vainly great.

Pow'r! that *Curse!* when in a *TYRANT'S Hand*,
Spreads *Desolation* o'er the *Victim-Land*.

Makes Gold and Places *ductile* minds *betray*,
And gain o'er venal Hearts *imperial Sway*.

When *private Views* we find once *Counter-vail*

Our Country's *Honour*, or the *publick Weal*,

Then *sell Corruption* props the *guilty Cause*,

Enslaves your *Virtue* and *Subdues* your *Laws*.

But *Virtue* still is found in ev'ry *Soil*,

And proves at once the *Heroe's Pride* and *Toil*,

Exalted Sets to *View* the *Patriot Band*,

On *Monuments* that shall thro' *Ages stand*;

With double *Transport* each brave heart *alarms*,

And ev'ry grateful *Mind* with *Ardour warms*.

Who e'er from *Virtue's Laws* can once *retire*,

Nor *Joy* nor *hope* his *conscious Breast* inspire;

For all that *Pomp*, or *Pow'r*, or *Treasure* brings,

The *Wealth* of *Nations*, or the *Grace* of *KINGS*;

Is no *Attonement* for fair *Virtue* gone,

Nor e'er shall *Bliss* replace her vacant *Throne*;

Deep in your *Hearts* her *Sentiments* imbibe,

And deem for her the *WORLD* too small a *Bribe*.

So shall our *PATRIOTS*, great, as good, be *Nam'd*,

For private, as, for publick *Virtue* *Fam'd*.

